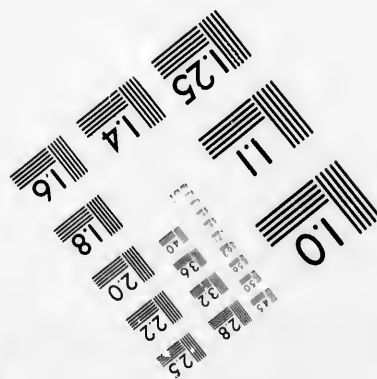
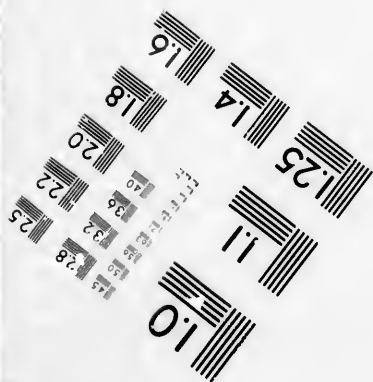
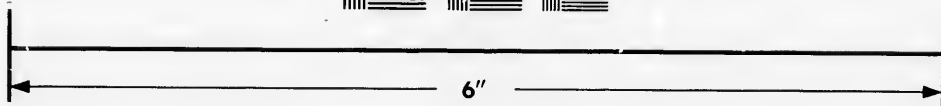
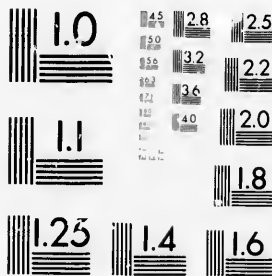


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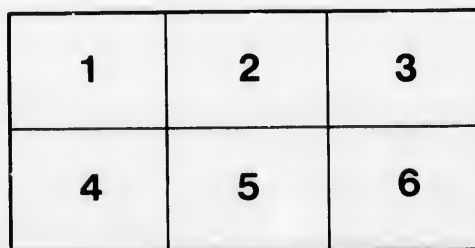
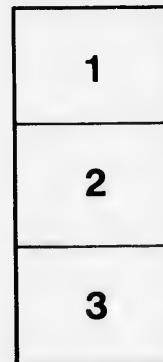
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G. W. Grant

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CANADA FIRST.

BY
REV. GEORGE GRANT, D. D.,
Principal Queen's University.

{ *Read before the Canadian Club*
of New York.



WHAT is meant by the phrase "Canada First?" It means that Canada—though still nominally and officially in the colonial position—is really a nation, and therefore that its interests and honor must be regarded by all true Canadians as first or supreme.

In 1867, the Act of Confederation constituted the Maritime Provinces and the old Upper Canada and Lower Canada into the new Dominion. Immediately thereafter societies sprung into existence in different centres that took the name of "Canada First." These societies did not last long. I do not know of one that is in

existence at the present time. Their fate too has been held up as a proof that there is no national sentiment in Canada, and that Canada is not a nation. Is such a fact sufficient proof, or even the slightest proof of any such thing? Certainly not. It is only a proof that a club or society, if it is to exist, must have some definite object to accomplish. Any one may at any time be called upon to testify his affection or his loyalty or adherence to a creed, but here testifying becomes monotonous, and men will not meet regularly merely to cry "Yea, yea," or "Nay, nay." There are no Scotland First or Wales First or England First societies. In Ireland, there are societies enough to accomplish national work of some kind or another, but I have not heard of even Ireland First societies. The weakness inherent to political organizations that have no definite work to do is seen in the difficulty that has been found in forming and maintaining in existence branches of the Imperial Federation League. I am a member of that League, but it is evident that it will soon vanish into thin air, unless some scheme of commercial or political union is agreed upon, for the carrying of which its members may work.

Is there, then, a common national sentiment in Canada, independent of the vigorous Provincial contingent that we find in each Province? Is there a common life that binds these Provinces and Territories together? We have a political unity, but, does that represent any underlying sentiment? I believe that it does, though the national pulse is weak and is all but overpowered by the currents of Provincial interests, which faction uses in the most unscrupulous way, and by the cross currents of racial and religious prejudices, too often sedulously

fostered for selfish purposes. This common life is made up of three elements: North-American, French and British. The atmosphere, the soil, the climate, and all the physical conditions under which a people lives, determine to a great extent its character and place in history. All these are North-American, and very far North at that. In the centre of the Dominion is the Province of Quebec, French to the core, French in language and in heart; nourishing, too, the sentiments, songs, laws and institutions of the 17th rather than of the 19th century. Then, Canada, as a whole, has inherited from Britain, not merely what the United States have inherited,—language, literature, laws, blood, religion and the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, that are at the basis of modern States, but also continuity of national life. That means a great deal. It includes the same traditions, the same political and constitutional forms; the same history, sentiments and affections; a common flag, a common allegiance, and a common citizenship. These things make up a great deal of our life. Every one knows how much the flag represents. And this Jubilee year will demonstrate the extent of the loyalty that all citizens feel towards the head of the whole Empire. We have undertaken to build up on this continent a Franco-British-North-American state, believing that these three elements can be fused into a common life; the experiment is being tried. Should there be success, Canada may be the link that shall unite the great mother and her greatest daughter, the United States of America. What prospect is there of the experiment succeeding? What proofs are there that the three elements are fusing or will fuse into a common Canadian national sentiment?

The formation of the Canadian Confederation showed that the people of the different Provinces had the national instinct. Autonomous Provinces are not willing to give up any portion of their power, even to constitute a nation. Any one will admit that, who knows the reluctance of the thirteen colonies to surrender to the central authority the smallest portion of their independence. And, in our case, the geographical difficulties in the way of union seemed well nigh insuperable. To begin with, the Intercolonial Railroad had to be built along the St. Lawrence, involving a detour of two or three hundred otherwise unnecessary miles. Commerce demanded that the connection between Montreal and the maritime Provinces should be across the State of Maine, and the road by that direct line is now being built. So, too, commerce demanded that the connection between Montreal and the Northwest shore be by the Sault St. Marie and along the south of Lake Superior. And commerce made no demand for a railway across the Selkirks to the Pacific. But in all those cases, political necessities predominated, and the people have consented willingly to the enormous cost of building the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific railways as political roads. All that is now required to make the Dominion perfectly independent, by land and water, so far as means of communication from one part of the Dominion to another is concerned, is a canal on the Canadian side of Sault St. Marie; and its construction has been determined upon. The cost will not be excessive. There nature is on our side. If there was to be only one canal, it is quite clear to the most careless observer that it should be on the Canadian shore. The adoption of the National Policy, or the protection

of our own manufactures against all other countries, Britain included, was a distinct declaration of commercial independence, that has been reaffirmed again and again by the people of Canada. The outburst of patriotic feeling, when the recent rebellion broke out in the Northwest, was still more significant. Though the French Canadians identified the cause of the rebels with their own nationality, or rather with the upholding of French influence in the Territories, regiments of Quebec militia marched to put the rebellion down. And patriotic feeling was not deeper in Ontario than it was in Nova Scotia, where various causes had combined to make Confederation unpopular. For twenty years, the Canadians have continued their resolute effort to accomplish complete national, political, commercial and national unity, in spite of the geographical and other difficulties in the way, that might well have appalled them. The present calm determination to protect our fisheries, and to waive no jot of our rights, although all our interests and feelings lie in the direction of unfettered commercial intercourse, and the preservation of friendly feelings with the United States, is another proof that we have become one people. The fisheries along the maritime shores do not directly concern Ontario; but the feeling there against surrender to anything like encroachment is as decided as in Nova Scotia. The symptoms of restlessness, on account of our position being merely colonial, and the discussion of plans, whereby we may emerge into a position of recognized nationality and stable political equilibrium, also shows that we are nearing that point in our history when we must assume the full responsibilities of nationhood, or abandon the experiment altogether.

I have said that there is such a thing as Canadian national sentiment, but the fact that the question can be asked, whether there is or not, proves how weak that sentiment must be. No one would ask such a question with regard to the United States or the smallest of European kingdoms or republics. Outsiders may think that it would be better for Belgium to be incorporated with France, or for Holland to cast in its lot with Germany; but in each case national sentiment is too unmistakable to make such a fate likely. Canada covers half a continent, and her great neighbor is certainly not as unscrupulous or as military a power as France or Germany. Yet, it would be inaccurate to say that she occupies as distinct and unanimous a position with regard to her future as Belgium or Holland. The fact must be admitted that Canadian patriotic sentiment is weak. Why is it so? Simply because we have had to do so little for the common weal. Our national sentiment has never been put to the test. Not once have we been called upon to choose between the nation and all that as individuals we hold dear. We have not been tried in the furnace, and the dross of selfishness is in us. Few of us have had to suffer, few of our children have had to die for the nation.

Far otherwise has it been with the United States. The thirteen colonies had to fight for their freedom to begin with. Rather than submit to infringement on their political liberty, they ventured to stand up against the disciplined soldiers of the mother country. It was a great resolve. It was a great thing to do. They succeeded, and so proved their right to be a nation. It has been said that they nearly failed. It has been proved over and over again that they would have failed, had

it not been for this, that, or the other accident. The geese cackled, the ass brayed or the dog barked. But the mere cackling of geese never amounts to much. Depend upon it, there must be Roman hearts somewhere near, as well as geese, if anything is to be done. Even if the thirteen colonies had failed, failure could have been only temporary in the case of such a people. It has been said that Washington was not a perfect character, that his officers were jealous, his men intractable and mutinous, and Congress selfish and incompetent. But, supposing all these charges true, what has been proved? Simply that the hero is not a hero to his valet, and that an heroic epoch under mundane conditions is not wholly celestial. But, at a little distance, the picture is seen to better advantage. The mountain side is rough to the man who is climbing it, but to him who looks at it from a distant point of vantage, it is soft as velvet. It is seen under a haze, or rosy or purple light. So the events of the Revolutionary war became glorified to the generations following. They saw them through a golden haze, which concealed everything mean and petty. These events constituted an inexhaustible reservoir, from which the nation drank for nearly a century. Incidents of all kinds, love stories, tales of intrigue and danger, of desperate but successful valor were woven round every battle-field. The Revolutionary struggle made a deplorable schism in the English-speaking race, but at the same time it made a nation, and it taught the mother country a lesson that she has never forgotten. Nearly a century afterwards, just when people were becoming slightly tired of Fourth of July fire-cracker celebrations, a still greater thing was given to the American people to do. They were

forced to choose between the life of the nation and an organized slave-power that boasted that the sources of national wealth were in its hands. They had to grapple with and strangle slavery or let the nation be cleft in twain. The choice was a hard one, but they chose well. It involved an expenditure so immense that no calculation of it can be made, but the investment was wise. There is no nation on earth so shrewd as regards all manners of investments as the American, and never did it make an investment so profitable. Literature and art, morals and religion, song, music, poetry and eloquence, all have flowed from it and will continue to flow from it for generations. These things are more precious than gold or anything that gold can buy. They are life. Sentiment and the almighty dollar came into conflict, and fortunately for the American people sentiment proved the mightier. No wonder that Abraham Lincoln's name has eclipsed that of George Washington. Who now dreams of dwelling on the petty skirmishes of the Revolutionary war? Every American citizen is now a better and richer man, because he shares in a grander national life. He feels its pulsations in his own veins, and he knows that his children and children's children will share in an inheritance beyond all price and that can never be taken from them.

Now, what has Canada done to show that she values national existence and national honor more than anything else? I have already gone over the record, and it must be admitted that more could not have been expected in the circumstances, and that there is promise and potency in it not unworthy of the stock from which we have sprung. We have no right to expect from man or nation more than the duty of the hour, and on

the whole, Canada has not been unfaithful to that. Fortunately, or unfortunately, according to the point of view, we are not likely to be called upon to pass through the valley of tears and blood in order to obtain the crown of complete national freedom. On the one hand, it is perfectly clear that Great Britain will not repeat the mistake of the last century. In every conceivable way she has declared that our destiny is in our own hands. She gets nothing from us, yet she holds herself pledged to defend us, if necessary, against all comers and at all hazards. In making every commercial treaty, she gives us the option whether we shall be included in it or not. She facilitates our attempts to negotiate treaties for ourselves. She never discriminates against us or anybody else. Never, in the history of the world, has a mother country been so generous. We have imposed heavy duties upon her manufactures, utterly rejecting the doctrine of free trade, which to her is commercially the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, that 19th century gospel, of which she considers herself the apostle to stiff-necked nations and colonies; yet, she has uttered no word of official remonstrance. I believe that we may discriminate against her manufactures; may declare ourselves politically independent, or openly annex ourselves to the United States, without one shot being fired by her in protest. On the other hand, the United States are certain not to repeat the mistake of 1812-15. The armies that entered Canada then, to give us freedom, found the whole population determined not to be free; at any rate not to accept the gift on that line. There is no more likelihood of Canada attacking the United States than there is of a boy attacking a full-grown man. And we are

quite sure that the man has no intention of trying to murder the boy.

We are able to distinguish the bluster of individuals from the strong will of a great nation. We believe that, if a political party brought on a war of aggression against Canada, it would simply be performing the happy despatch for itself. We may protect our fisheries, and build canals and railroads where we like. The Gloucester fishermen may get angry and Billingsgate fisheries, and newspapers may solemnly warn the country that Canada is constructing forts, summoning gunboats from the vasty deep, and calling out her militia! Congress may pass retaliatory acts, and the President may even see it to be his duty to decree non-intercourse. But there will be no war.

The United States believe that they have enough on their hands already. A still larger number are convinced that the general well-being and the grand old cause will be served by there being two English-speaking States on this continent working out the problems of liberty under different forms. No doubt, many would like to see one flag from the gulf of Mexico to the Pole, but they know well that it would be better to wait for generations for such a consummation than to try to bring it about by force, or at the expense or the honor of either contracting party.

It appears, therefore, that our future will not be precipitated or determined for us from without. We must settle it for ourselves. And we are taking matters so coolly, that some think we have little interest in it, and are satisfied to drift or to remain indefinitely in the merely colonial position.

Charles Roberts, our most promising poet, represents Canada as standing among the nations

“ Unheeded, unadored, unhymned
With unanointed brow.”

and he asks reproachfully :

“ How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own.”

There is certainly nothing of the heroic in our national attitude. In his indignation, Roberts ranks us “with babes and slaves,” and he seems to me to speak something like sober truth. A baby, when attacked, runs to its mother's apron-strings, and though the fault may be wholly its own, the responsibility is principally the mother's. When our newspapers hear of non-intercourse bills, they assure their readers that there is no danger ; that Canada is bound up with the British Empire, and that the United States cannot discriminate between parts of an Empire, one and indivisible. When there is talk of the possibility of war, they hint of the havoc that British men-of-war could work on the undefended wealthy cities that lie along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. But, let there be a proposal of Federation for the defence of common interests, and the same papers adopt a different strain. They point out that Britain needs her fleet for her own protection and the maintenance of her commercial supremacy, and that it is utopian—that is a favorite word—to expect that we should contribute towards making it efficient. Is not Roberts right? Is not that the baby's attitude? So, New Foundland is indignant at present with the mother country, because she was not ready to quarrel with

France for her sake. But not so very long ago, the same ancient colony paid no more attention to the strongly accentuated Imperial policy in favor of the confederation of all the British American colonies, than if that had been the policy of Russia, or a selfish scheme of the mother country that the children should consider only from the point of view of their own immediate interests. There has been too much of the baby attitude. We know what the mind of a slave is. He would like liberty, if it meant idleness coupled with the good things of Egypt. But Egypt to him is better than the desert, without food and water. To be stuffed with pork and beans, and to lie in bed or swing on a gate all day long, with nothing to pay and no master or no winter to come, is bliss unalloyed. When I read editorials reminding Canadians of the advantages of their present position—the protection of the mother country, no matter where they go or what they do, and not a cent to pay—I am reminded of Sambo's ideal of Paradise. Alas, if they only knew it; they are paying a price far greater than their fair share should be, according to any principle of computation!

If this is a true picture of our present position, is it any wonder that national sentiment is weak? What have we to be proud of? The wars of Champlain and Frontenac with the Iroquois; the raids into New York and Maine; the campaigns of 1812-15 have receded into the dim distance as completely as the wars of New England with the Indian Sachems, or the struggles of Virginia with the French for the Ohio. We Canadians have not been idle. We have subdued the forest; have built schools, colleges, churches, cities; and, as sons of those hardy

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Norsemen, whose home was on the deep, have made ourselves the fifth maritime nation in the world. We own great ocean-going steam fleets, and have constructed canals and railroads as wonderful as any to be found on the planet. All this work, done most of it from "pure unvexed instinct of duty," is good. The man who has spent a lifetime clearing a hundred acres of solid brush on the wooded hillsides of Cape Breton, or along the shores of Erie or Huron, is of the same kin as the northern farmer who "stubb'd the Thornaby waste." From such an industrious, duty-doing stock, heroes are apt to spring. But the heroes must come, or we shall have only a community of beavers, not a nation. "We have something to be proud of," remarked a venerable gentleman to me not many years ago, "we have the best oarsman in the world, and my son owns a cow that gives thirty quarts of milk a day, and he has refused ten thousand dollars for her." Very good. We have not a word against Hanlan or the cow. But we cannot live on them.

What must be done? We must rise higher than the cow. We must make up our minds with regard to the future. Drifting is unworthy of grown men. Drifting means unbelief in ourselves, and abandonment to chance or to the momentary exigencies of party leaders. It means almost certain disaster. We must become a nation in reality, with all the responsibilities and privileges of nationhood. There are only three directions that can be taken, and the mind of the people has not yet laid hold of the question, with the determination to settle it, which is the right direction. We have before us: First, a closer political and commercial union with the mother colonies, and the rest of the Empire. This has been called Imperial

Federation, but it might also be termed Imperial Union or even Alliance. It would be satisfied in the meantime with a recognition of the right of the great self-governing colonies to be consulted on peace, war and treaties, and with an inter-Imperial tariff of discriminatory duties against all the rest of the world, as a means of raising a common Imperial revenue. Secondly, the proposal, made in whispers, of an independent Canadian Republic, formed with the consent of the mother country: and, Thirdly, the suggestion that the best way out of our debt and difficulties with the French-Canadians as well as with secessionism in Nova Scotia, and disallowance in the Northwest, would be by annexation to the United States. So far, the people have not seriously considered what should be done, or whether anything needs to be done, much less have they crystallized into parties on the subject. Consequently, not one of the three possible forms that we may assume has many representatives openly connected with it, although the conviction is deepening that any one of them would be better than the continuance of our present position for an indefinitely prolonged period.

Now, I am not going to argue for or against any of these possible issues. We are likely to evolve *peacefully*, in my opinion, into one or another. As long as revolution is avoided, the movements of nations are regular and in accordance with antecedent causes — prophet is he who can see into those antecedent causes so clearly that he can predict the outcome. I do not pretend to have this prophetic gift. The question is too complicated and too big for me. Notwithstanding all the light that has been vouchsafed to us by men who speak

with somewhat of prophetic authority on the subject, the people still crave for more light. Any one of the changes, it is felt, will involve a great leap in the dark. Therefore, the man who attempts to argue for one or another should be a wise man; one who has meditated upon the subject in all its phases and who is not swayed by any selfish views; who combines a mastery of details with insight into principles; who is sensible of the gravity of the issues that are involved and who has estimated the cost for Canada of the position he takes; above all, who is too conversant with the difficulties connected with any solution to think that an epigram will settle it, or to insult by any kind of misrepresentations or rich name those who cannot see eye-to-eye with him.

All that I propose to do, in the conclusion of this paper, is to mention the stand-point from which I submit that we should argue the subject, and to consider briefly the recently proposed closer commercial relations between Canada and the United States.

1. Our stand-point should be that indicated in the title of this paper, of "Canada First." This means the settled conviction that Canada is not merely a string of Provinces, fortuitously strung together, but a single nationality; young, but with a life of its own; a colony in name, but with a national spirit, which though weak, is growing stronger daily; a country with a future and worthy of the loyalty of its sons. It means in the next place the settled conviction that the honor of Canada must always be maintained, no matter what the cost, and that Canadian interests are of first importance. Any man who is animated by these convictions is a true Canadian, no matter

what his views may be as to the political form that the Dominion is ultimately to assume.

It may be asked: How can Canada have at the same time the position of a nation and a colony? I answer that a country no more than an individual attains to complete self-realization at once; but, until it does so, it is allowed a place among the nations only by courtesy. As I have already hinted, the War of Independence was made much more difficult than it otherwise would have been, from the fact that each of the thirteen colonies thought itself supreme and the Union secondary. Even that war for bare life did not teach the lesson that a real Union was necessary to constitute a great State. It took some years of deadlocks before the present constitution was adopted. We can see how weak the bond that held the States together was felt to be—for a long time—even after that, we see it in the action of State Legislatures in 1812-15, justifying Great Britain and Canada, threatening secession and refusing quotas of troops; from subsequent attempts at nullification North and South; from political compromises and conflicts at various times; and, at last, from the great war of Secession, when thousands of men like Lee and Jackson, who cared nothing for slavery, fought for it rather than fight against their own native State. It took nearly a century for the great Republic to realize itself, to understand that its life was a sacred thing, and that whosoever or whatsoever stood in the way or interfered with its legitimate development must be swept out of the way. It accomplished the necessary task. Consequently its present proud position. It stands out before the world a power so mighty that we can hardly conceive of a force, internal or external, great enough to

threaten it. Well, Canada stands now about where the United States stood a century ago. The circumstances are different, for though history repeats itself, it does not do so slavishly. We have had a different historical development. We have more radical racial diversities. We have a less genial climate, and larger breadths of land of which nothing can be made. But, we are near where the Republic stood a century ago. Canada is in its infancy and must expect infantile troubles. It must go through the hard experience of measles, teething, calf-fears and calf-love; must be expected to spend its pocket-money foolishly, suffer from explosions of temper, get slights that are hard to bear and abrasions of the skin that will make it think life not worth living. But, it is a big healthy child, comes of a good stock, has an enormously large farm, which is somewhat in need of fencing and cultivation, and I think it may be depended on to pull through. It is growing up under stern conditions, and, as a Scotch-Canadian, taught in his youth to revere Solomon and to believe therefore in the efficacy of the rod and the yoke for children, I am inclined to think that it is none the worse for that. The climate is most trying to tramps. Geography and treaties have united to make its material unification difficult. Much of its property is not worth stealing; but all the more will it hold on with grim tenacity to all that is worth anything.

But, no matter what may be said in its disparagement, it is a wide and goodly land, with manifold beauties of its own, with boundless resources, that are only beginning to be developed, and with room and verge for Empire. Each Province has attractions for its children. One would need to live in it

to understand how strong these attractions are. Only when you live among the country people, do they reveal themselves. Strangers or tourists are not likely to have the faintest conception of their deepest feelings. Thus a man who lives in his study, or in a select coterie, or always in a city, may—no matter how great his ability—utterly misconceive the spirit of a Province or nation and the vigor of its life. It has been my lot to live for a time in almost every one of our Provinces, and to cross the whole dominion, again and again, from ocean to ocean, by steamer or canoe, by rail and buck-board, on horse-back and on foot, and I have found, in the remotest settlements, a remarkable acquaintance with public questions and much soundness of judgment and feeling with regard to them; a high average purity of individual and family life, and a steady growth of national sentiment. I have sat with the blackened toilers in the coal mines of Pictou and Cape Breton, the darkness made visible by the little lamps hanging from their sooty foreheads; have worshipped with pious Highlanders in log-huts, in fertile glens and on hillsides, where the forest gives place slowly to the plough, and preached to assembled thousands, seated on grassy hillocks and prostrate trees; have fished and sailed with the hardy mariners, who find "every harbor, from Sable to Causeau, a home;" have ridden under the willows of Evangeline's country, and gazed from north and south mountain on a sea of apple-blossoms; have talked with gold miners, fishermen, farmers, merchants, students, and have learned to respect my fellow-countrymen and to sympathize with their Provincial life, and to see that it was not antagonistic but intended to be the handmaid to a true national life. Go there,

not altogether in the spirit of "Baddeck, and that sort of thing." Pass from Annapolis Royal into the Bay of Fundy, and then canoe up the rivers, shaded by the great trees of New Brunswick. Live a while with the *habitants* of Quebec, admire their industry, frugality and courtesy; hear their carols and songs, that blend the forgotten music of Normandy and Brittany with the music of Canadian woods; music and song, as well as language and religion, rooting in them devotion to "Our Language, our Laws, our Institutions." Live in historic Quebec, and experience the hospitality of Montreal. Pass through the Province of Ontario, itself possessing the resources of a kingdom. Sail on lakes great enough to be called seas, along rugged Laurentian coasts, or take the new Northwest passage by land, that the Canadian Pacific has opened up from the upper Ottawa, through a thousand miles once declared impracticable for railways, and now yielding treasures of wood, and copper and silver, till you come to that great prairie ocean, that sea of green and gold in this month of May, whose billows extend for nigh another thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains, out of which great Provinces like Minnesota and Dakota will be carved in the immediate future. And when you have reached the Pacific, and look back over all the panorama that unrolls itself before your mental vision, you will not doubt that the country is destined to have a future. You will thank God that you belong to a generation to whom the duty has been assigned of laying its foundations; and knowing that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the faith, the virtue and the self-sacrifice that has been wrought into the foundation, you will pray that you for one may not be found wanting.

This is our country, and this is a period in its history, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. All of us, whether living at home or abroad, owe a duty to it, which we shall be base if we neglect. Confederation was a costly mistake, if we had not faith in its future; a mistake that has cost hundreds of millions of dollars. But, so far as I know, the people do not think that any mistake was made. Every day, their national spirit is rising. We shall yet be proud of our country. In the meantime, let us all be united in heart, though we may not agree as to the best means of stimulating the purest patriotism. We may dispute whether a closer union with that wonderful Empire—of which we are a part—or separation, and the flying of a new flag, would be the better way. But one thing is clear: the question to be asked and satisfactorily answered, must be: What will be for the interest of the people of Canada? That includes, not merely their commercial interest, but the enrichment, purifying and uplifting of the national life. We cannot benefit the Empire by impoverishing ourselves. We cannot benefit humanity by doing wrong to our country.

The question of unrestricted commercial intercourse between the United States and Canada has been discussed at one or two meetings of this Club. It would not become me to take it up at this stage, save to say, that it too must be considered from the "Canada First" point of view. I am inclined to think that Canadians will say little about it until they have the terms of the proposed measure before them. The advantages of unrestricted access to our natural market are undoubted. Indeed, it seems to me simply impossible to doubt that the advantages would be equally great on both sides. We have

always had the satisfaction of feeling that the fault has not been ours that the intercourse has been restricted. We have never terminated reciprocity treaties, though we have proved that we could get along without them. There is, besides, a standing offer on our statute book that has never been taken advantage of for the lowering of duties all round.

In the meantime, I trust that the liberal offer which Great Britain, with the consent of Canada, has made for a temporary adjustment of the fishery imbroglio will be accepted at once. Then, those possible complications that, under the present state of things, may arise at any moment, owing to the unauthorized action of individuals, will be averted, and the whole subject of our relations can be discussed calmly. No righteous man or woman in Britain, Canada or the United States, wishes any solution that is not fair and honorable. In this Jubilee year of our Queen, in a time when the power of the bonds that bind together the members of the English-speaking race is being felt all round the world, as it never was felt before, it would be an irretrievable calamity, a sin that posterity would never pardon, should there be a quarrel over fish.



